

RYAN AND CAMPBELL.

Thomas Ryan Will Return to Topeka to Practice Law.

PARTNERSHIP WITH WILL CAMPBELL.

The New Law Firm Will Be Established in This City at Once.

The JOURNAL takes very great pleasure in announcing to its readers the establishment of a new law firm in which Kansas people will, from the beginning, feel a great interest. The Hon. Thomas Ryan, for years a gentleman of national reputation as congressman from this (the Fourth) congressional district and later as minister to Mexico, has formed a partnership with William C. Campbell, Esq., who has spent almost his entire business life at the Topeka bar; these gentlemen having united under the firm name of Ryan & Campbell. Their office will be in the front half of the second story of the Bank of Topeka building, the offices once occupied by Mr. W. B. Strong when he was vice-president of the Santa Fe company. Mr. Ryan hardly needs an introduction to Kansas people. Coming here many years ago from Pennsylvania he won a fine reputation as a lawyer in the service of the government and as a partner in the famous firm of Peck, Ryan & Johnson. His work as a public man has been such as to win for him the applause of all who have been in any degree familiar with it. Mr. Ryan has been urged to remain in New York and Washington, but he says no other place than Topeka seems like home and that he feels like a foreigner outside of Kansas. He will arrive shortly to resume his residence here. Mr. Campbell was for eleven years the confidential assistant of General Solicitors Burns, McCleary and Peck in the Santa Fe law department, only leaving the service of the company four years ago when private considerations required him to remove to the Pacific coast. Mr. Campbell is a thorough lawyer and a most admirable citizen.

The new firm will begin business with the fullest confidence and regard of a constituency of which any firm of any age might well be proud.

KANSAS LIVE STOCK BOARD.

The President Says There's Less Disease Among Cattle Than Ever.

The state live stock sanitary commission are in session today at the state veterinarian's office.

The year's work of the board has been discussed and has been completed in form which can be printed in the beginning report. President White of the board said: "This year has been the most favorable one for live stock in any year in the history of the state, because there has been so little disease among cattle, horses and swine."

"This winter also has been very favorable and we can be congratulated upon the fact that people are taking better care of their stock than ever before, and are just learning how to do it."

BOARD OF CHARITIES.

It is in Session Today. Mrs. Lewis is Not Present.

The state board of charities came over from Atchison at noon today and are in session this afternoon at the insane asylum.

Mrs. Lewis is not with them and is still out of the city. The board are unadvised as to whether or not she intends to meet with them again before her case is heard in the supreme court.

John Butler, of Atchison, has been appointed steward at the Topeka Insane asylum, vice John Brink removed.

The board will be in session through tomorrow.

Treasurer Waite, of the board, is making his December settlement with the state treasurer this afternoon.

CRANE GETS THE CONTRACT.

For Furnishing Printing to the County Offices—Worth \$1,500 a Year.

The board of county commissioners, in company with Sheriff Burdige, made a trip of inspection through the county this afternoon. The purpose of the visit was to ascertain its sanitary and general condition, and see if any repairs or changes were necessary.

The contract for the supply of blank books and blanks used in the county offices, was awarded to G. W. Crane & Co. About \$1,500 a year is expended by the county in the purchase of these supplies.

The board have before them three applicants for the position of county physician. Dr. Pease, the present incumbent, is a candidate for the place again, as are Doctors S. McClinton and S. T. Myers of North Topeka.

POP STATE COMMITTEE.

It is in Session Here Waiting for Breidenbach.

A meeting of the People's party state central committee is being held this afternoon at the state house. No business has yet been transacted as the members are waiting for the arrival of Chairman Breidenbach, who is expected home from the western part of the state on a late train.

The date and character of the next state convention is one of the questions to be discussed by the committee.

Improved Stock Breeders.

The fourth annual meeting of the Kansas Improved Stock Breeders met at the Throop hotel club rooms at 2 o'clock. The session was devoted to the reception of members of the breeders present and the delivery of a general address by W. R. Sutton of Russell, Kansas.

At tonight's session in the Throop there will be a special programme consisting of an address by Ex-Governor Glick and a spicy lecture on the subject of "Just Hogs" by F. D. Collier of Kansas City, Kansas. Everybody interested in the stock in the city should turn out tonight. Tomorrow's programme will cover the following topics: "Dairy Breeds of Stock," "Draft Horses," "Trotters," "Sheep Husbandry," "Health of Pigs Stock," "County Breeders' Clubs" and "Exhibiting Stock at Fairs."

Subscribers' Attention.

Reserved seats for Swedish quartet will be on sale next Friday at Kellam's for subscribers only. Saturday chart opens to all. Those wishing to secure seats Friday can do so by subscribing for tickets at Kellam's. Tickets 75 cents.

Genuine Quaker home made bread is sold at 5 cents per loaf; that which is sold at 8 cents for 10 cents is not what you want.

VESPER & CO.

THE BAR AT LIVERPOOL.

Magnitude of the Work of Removing an Impediment to Navigation.

The brief announcement the other day that the White Star line steamer Majestic, drawing twenty-four feet, had passed over the bar at Liverpool with three feet of water under her keel shows that the great work of removing the chief impediment to navigation in the Mersey is nearly accomplished. The engineers of the Liverpool dock board state that under the worst possible conditions there is a depth of twenty feet of water over the bar, the great sandbank having been cut down no less than nine feet, and the debris bodily transported and dumped far from the channel on a site where it can do no possible harm. During the three years that the work has been going on no less than 1,000,000 tons of sand have been removed.

Allowing the rough measurement of a hundredweight of sand to a cubic foot, it appears that no less than 7,528,482 cubic yards of material have been shifted. This is said to be a record in the matter of dredging operations, and many other startling figures are quoted. During a recent week, for instance, the three dredgers working at the bar removed no less than 155,000 tons of sand, a machine called the Brander alone lifting and dumping 120,000 tons out of this enormous total, while in a little over three months almost 1,000,000 tons of sand were dredged and placed on the dummy site. The arrival of the Brander changed all calculations, the effect of a continuous working of a vessel capable of filling herself with 3,000 tons of sand in less than an hour being something tremendous.

THE CAPTAIN'S RUSE.

By a Clever Maneuver He Caught a Thief and 15,000 Franks.

A steamer was plowing her way through the white waters of the river Volga, going in the direction of the Caspian sea. Late in the evening a young man approached the captain and asked that he might be put on shore at the next village they passed. The captain complied, and the steamer continued on her course.

Later in the evening another passenger ran to the captain and said:

"My valise has been stolen from my cabin. It contained 15,000 francs."

The captain cautioned the passenger to keep silent and to tell no one of his loss.

Because of the darkness and great width of the river few of the passengers, if any, observed that the vessel had turned in a large circle and was now running up stream and traveling back over the same course. A flag of different nationality was hoisted and a canvas was thrown over the bulkheads so as to conceal the vessel's name.

A shrill whistle announced the approach to a village. A boat was rowed out from the wharf and the vessel was signaled to stop. A man came on board carrying a valise. It was the same man who, thinking himself safe on another vessel, fell into the hands of his former captain. He could hardly believe it possible, but was convinced when the steamer resumed her rightful course and he was landed at a station where he is likely to make a long stay.

A Safe Place in a Storm.

The Cheyenne Indians say that the beech tree is never struck by lightning, and whenever a thunderstorm overtakes them they seek shelter under its branches. Strange to say there appears to be some foundation for their curious belief. The writer cannot remember ever having seen a beech tree that had been shattered by a thunderbolt, and lumbermen who have spent most of their lives in the woods agree with the Indians but no one seems able to give any reason why this tree should be favored. The trees most frequently struck by lightning are oaks and elms, and it is wiser to remain in the open and get thoroughly soaked than to seek shelter under them when a thunder storm is raging.

Virginia's Record-Breaking Marriage.

The first wedding of co-ord people that ever occurred in the gubernatorial mansion of Virginia, or in a similar mans on in the South, took place in the dining room of the executive mansion at 1 o'clock on a recent afternoon. Winston Edwards, the governor's chief butler, who has served faithfully in his position under both Governor Lee and the present executive, and Jessie Leigh, an attractive maid, who has been in the governor's service for several years, were united in marriage at Rev. Dr. Hunter of the Third Street African Methodist Episcopal church. After the ceremony, which was witnessed by several of the governor's household, the happy couple left on a bridal tour.

His Sole Possession.

A person was riding through the streets of a Western city, some two or three weeks ago, with a millionaire who had made his money in a few weeks out of pork. When they got out of the carriage a high wind took off the hat of his coachman, who, regardless of his duties, jumped from his seat and ran to catch it. The horses took fright and started, but were stopped by a gentleman who was passing by. The rich man thanked him, adding: "I'm sorry I have no money about me for you."

"Sir," retorted the indignant stranger, "you have nothing but money."

Woe to Farmers.

"I have seen some pretty ignorant people among the summer boarders my wife takes every year," said Mr. Jason, "but they ain't never none of them come quite up to the young woman that wanted to know if apple butter was made from feedin' apples to the cows."

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**NEGRO WIT.**

Some Specimens of Rich and Rare Colored Philosophy.

It was just before the war, Squire Johnson had been to Nashville, and on his return brought Ole Mose, the favorite slave on the plantation, a new int. Mose was very proud of it. The next Sunday the squire was driving home from church with his family, and the carriage overtook Mose and his "old miss" trudging along afoot. It was raining slightly, and the squire noticed that Mose was bareheaded and was carefully protecting his new hat with his coat.

"Why don't you wear your new hat, Mose?" inquired the squire. "You'll get that old head of yours wet."

"Dat's so, Mass' Johns," replied Mose.

"But dat ole head's yours, and de hat's mine."

The squire used to miss a chicken now and then, and at length the mysterious disappearances were laid at the door of one Zeckel, who was accused of the theft by his master.

Zeckel was a darky of exceptional wit.

He had picked up a little arithmetic and prided himself on his acuteness.

When charged with the chicken taking, he boasted warily:

"Now, Mass' Johnson, if I can show you dat I only took dem fowls for you good, will you let me go jus' dis time?"

The squire was curious to hear his defense and told him he would do so.

"Well, you say you paid \$900 for me, and I weighs jus' bout hundred an fifty pounds. Dat makes \$8 a pound. Now, if I turn yoh chicken meat dat ain't wuff mo' an 10 cents a pound into bigger meat dat a wuff \$80, yoh jus' dat much better off, don'y you see?"

Of course the squire saw, and he used often to repeat the story and laugh at the darky's ingenuity.

The war came on, and Zeckel was one day detailed off the plantation to help throw up some earthworks. The enemy observed the defensive preparations and began to shell the place. The first missle went wide of the mark, but after a few rounds the range was found more accurately, and the shells began to burst uncomfortably close to Zeckel.

He stood his ground as long as he could, but at last dropped his shovel and ran for his life. The officer in charge of the operations met him a little distance down the road, and halting him ordered him to explain his flight. Zeckel was trembling with fright, but found breath to say:

"Dey's shootin' over dere, and Mass' Johnson he's a po' man. He paid \$900 for me in Memphis, and he can't afford to have me killed." And with that he took to the woods.—*Yonks' Companion.*

SAFETY.

Whenever I see a sarcapilla advertisement for that tired feeling, it reminds me of the Turkish village at the World's fair," remarked a Toledo man recently.

"How so?" asked a friend.

"Well, I happened to see a handsome glovebox of some eastern wood as I was passing through that Turkish village, and I stopped and asked the price of it."

"Three dollars," said the Turk.

"I'll give you \$2.50," said I.

"Three dollars."

"He said he would go and ask the proprietor about it, and when he returned he said, 'The proprietor says you can have it for \$2.75.'

"Two dollars and a half," said I firmly.

The Turk rolled up the box in a piece of paper.

"Here," he said, "take it for \$2.50. This is the first box we have sold as cheap as that."

"There was a woman standing next to me, and while the clerk was at the rear making change she said:

"Did you buy one of those glove-boxes?"

"Yes," I answered politely.

"How much?"

"Well, he wanted \$8, but I wouldn't pay any such price as that, and I only gave \$2.50."

"Two and a half, hey?" she said pitifully. "I bought one yesterday and only paid \$1.75. It was two sizes larger than yours too."

"I didn't answer. Outside in the Midway I saw a man renting camp stools with three inch seats for 2 cents an hour. I went out and hired one and sat down in the shade."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sensitive Man.

A person was riding through the streets of a Western city, some two or three weeks ago, with a millionaire who had made his money in a few weeks out of pork. When they got out of the carriage a high wind took off the hat of his coachman, who, regardless of his duties, jumped from his seat and ran to catch it. The horses took fright and started, but were stopped by a gentleman who was passing by. The rich man thanked him, adding: "I'm sorry I have no money about me for you."

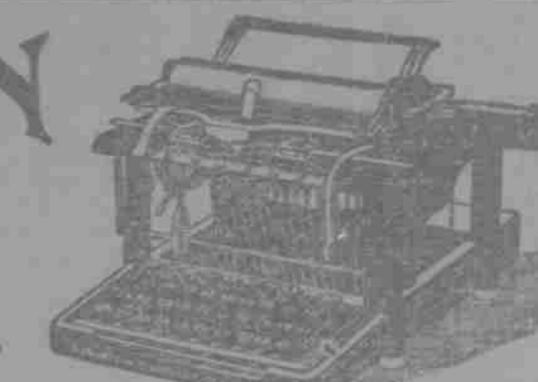
"Sir," retorted the indignant stranger, "you have nothing but money."

An Oversight.

Yardmaster—Hey, Bill. Just switch that east bound express over on track 7, between those two freights.

Engineer—What for?

Yardmaster—Why, you've left that train just where it was when the people went into the station for dinner, and if you don't look sharp they won't have no trouble in finding their cars when they come out again.—*Brooklyn Life.*

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